

The Mirror

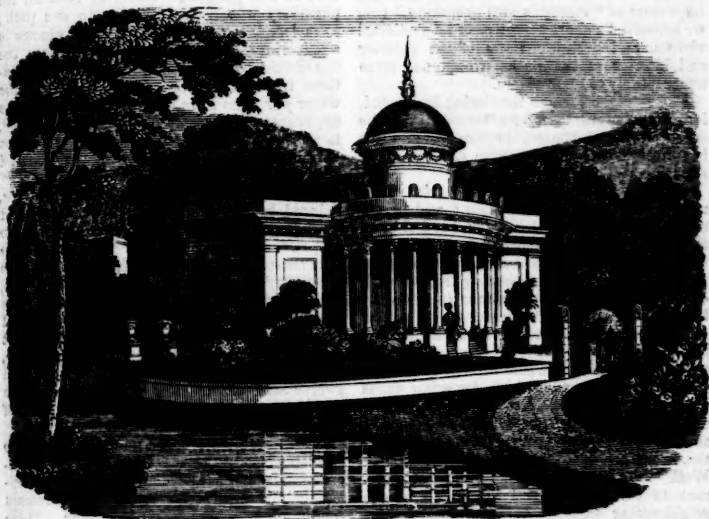
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1839.

PRICE 2d.

CHALYBEATE SPA, AT DORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



EAST FRONT OF THE BATH.



PUMP ROOM.

THE CHALYBEATE SPA, AT DORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE above fashionable Spa having risen to great eminence in the estimation of many medical men, and also of vast numbers of persons who have received relief by drinking its waters of "Nature's own preparing," that we conceived a short narrative of its medicinal virtues, and accurate views of the exterior and interior of the Baths, would not come unacceptably to our readers.

The estate, on which the Spring is situated, is near twelve miles east from Oxford, having the market town of Thame, through which there is a direct communication with London, about six miles to the south.

Springs of the purest water rise from almost every hill on the estate; and in the upper grounds of Dorton Park, bordering on the parish of Brill, the attention of the neighbouring villages has been attracted from time immemorial to a stream, issuing from a small orifice, which marked its course towards the brook, into which it emptied itself, by the destruction it occasioned to vegetable life: the few blades of grass that were spared bore a thick encrustation of oxide of iron; and the surface of the ground, which, for a few yards on either side of its channel, assumed a yellow and scorched appearance, was covered with a similar metallic deposit. It was named by the common people in the vicinity the "Alum Well," the taste of this salt being most apparent to the palate; and the cattle in the neighbouring pastures being allowed a free access to it, it was observed that those amongst them which laboured under any disease, recovered to its use spontaneously, and rapidly recovered.

Its effects on that very obstinate, and almost incurable disorder, the mange of the horse, were perhaps of all others the most singularly remarkable. Thus it has happened with this, as with other springs now "long known to fame"—to go no farther than those of Bath, for instance—that the merit of discovering its medicinal properties is due to those instinctive feelings of the brute creation, which so often serve as a guide to the higher faculties of man. One circumstance connected with the cattle that partook of the water, deserves notice, not only from its singularity, but the proof it affords of its powerful Chalybeate qualities; their manure, when collected for the purpose of fuel, as is customary here, burns to a cinder, similar to the clinkers thrown from a blacksmith's forge, and possesses the same sonorous sound. However, its benefits were not long confined within this limited range, and many inveterate cases of human suffering exhibited on its application the same successful results.

Of late years its fame has been widely spread in the surrounding country; but the almost impassable state of the country roads, until very recently, joined to the advanced age of the late proprietor, rendered it impossible to

take any steps respecting the spring, calculated to promote the public advantage. At length the influx of visitors to the Well became so great, owing to some recent cases of cure; and at the same time the injury done to the fences and herbage of the park was so serious, that it was judged advisable to restrain the peasantry who flocked thither, to one path; to inclose the well, and to give it in charge to a superintendent, who should regulate the distribution of the water. By these precautions, from fifty to one hundred gallons of the water *per diem* have been supplied to various applicants; and this, too, it should be observed, to a class of persons who would appreciate it only in proportion to the benefit they derived from its use.

Under the certainty of its healing qualities, induced by repeated proof, and corroborated by the high authority of Professor Brande, the proprietor has felt it incumbent upon him to take measures for giving to the public at large every facility of access to the Chalybeate, accompanied with that security which its value demands. Accordingly, he employed a professional gentleman from London to erect a Pump-room and Baths, on an extensive, useful, and ornamental plan; and ordered twelve acres of the park to be laid out so as to add to these buildings all the *agrèmens* of a pleasure-ground.

Nor is the situation of a medicinal spring to be disregarded as an object of trifling importance. The mind and the body are too intimately allied to suffer the latter to remain passive under what affects the former. Those individuals, whose cases are most likely to be benefited by the use of mineral waters, in general labour under the depression of spirits which is the natural result of corporeal debility; and circumstances which seem to the robust of slight consequence, trifles as they may be, become to the invalid an aggregate of real evil. Whatever tends to engage the attention, to preserve the mind light and unclouded; whatever holds out inducements to proper exercise, and, in a word, can excite, attract, or amuse, without fatiguing, is to be taken into our account of the advantages likely to be produced, when quitting our home to seek renewal of health, amidst unknown objects and change of scenes. In these respects Dorton will be found most happily situated.

The pastoral district around, verging on the fertile Vale of Aylesbury, affords a delightful variety of rural walks and rides, diversified by that alternation of gentle ascent, with quiet and sequestered dell, which relieves the unobtrusive beauties of English landscape from the charge of monotony.

The Baths were erected under the judicious direction of James Hakewill, Esq. The eastern entrance to the splendid Pump-room is under a semi-circular portico, supported by nine Corinthian pillars.

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A RUN THROUGH THE CHERRY-GROUNDS OF KENT.

IN our way at starting, we passed the Cross Keys, in Wood-street, with the Dover coach filled within and without, and which passes through the very parts into which it was our intent to travel, namely, Rochester, Rainham, Tong, Tenham, Sittingborne, Feversham, and other adjacent spots. One half of the passengers seemed irascibly inclined, from the suffocation of their close packing, the other, at the delay in starting, looking wonderfully hot, and swearing—while we ourselves were cool as July, in his "light yellow jacket," and instead of being in any of the aforesaid Cross-Keys, were never more sweet or tuneable of temper.

On passing by the Golden Eagle, of Gracechurch-street, much the same scene presented itself; but, as we have before-time said, that which we had proposed to ourselves, was only a slow ramble, for examinative purposes—we left, therefore, the coach of the Golden Eagle to speed as fastly as it might, with all the Ganymedes who might trust themselves to its back.

We need not describe how having effected a pleasant day's journey, we put up for the night at an inn on the borders of Kent. If we had any dreams that night, they were decidedly of cherries, and my first thought in the morning was, how propitious a day for Italy, and Italian palates, was that on which the famous Lucullus won a victory over the black king of Pontus, and seeing the shining fruit in those far-off African regions, tore up a cherry-tree by the roots, and transplanted the living luxury to Rome. And the Romans, afterwards, at the same time that they transported themselves to Britain, brought along with them that rosy-fruited tree. Shakspeare thought we hymned his praises to the "Mulberry tree," and bade the dancers dance around it, but, "nostro judicio," they had better do so under the cherry-tree.

We rose up with a bright morning, and found all broad Kent before us. From the summits of different little hills which we ascended, we had varied and beautiful views. On one side we might see Thames gliding his silver streams, with innumerable sweet villas on its banks, with walks, groves, and parks plenty: on the other side you might see as far as eye and telescope could distinguish, earth and heaven, keeps, terraces, parks, and forests, so embowering the land that we feel almost persuaded that the etymology of Lambard in his famous perambulation of this county, fancying that *Cantium*, Kent, might be derived from *Caine*, which in the British tongue signified "green leafage," owing to the abundance of its noble woods and forest trees, was the true and faithful derivation of the county's name.

We might, in addition to these, tell you of the sweet and delectable country-seats and villas of the noblesse scattered here and there,

and embosomed in bower and valley; of country and rural domains; vistas, groves, and large plantations, with other most charming and delightful recesses, natural and artificial: but from this I must abstain—and shall from generalities proceed to particulars.

Here, then, we reveal, at length, in that part called by Kentishmen, the Hundred of Tenham, adjoining the Hundred of Milton: a parish situated northward of the High London Road at Green-street. The old women of the adjoining county consider it to be far from healthy, for lying so low and near large tracts of marshes, it is very subject to unwholesome vapours arising from them, and the inhabitants are, therefore, often subjected to agues and intermittents: in fact, the common proverb runs,

He that will not live long.
Let him dwell at Tenham or Tong.

Yet, strange to say, however, that the land is exceedingly rich and fertile, like most of the neighbouring parishes in this tract, much of it being what is called tilt land, bearing successively for years together, plentiful crops of barley, wheat, &c., without any help of fallows.

Lambarde says, that this parish, with thirty others lying on each side of the great road from Rainham to Blean-wood, formed in his time the *Cherry Garden of Kent*, and such title it undoubtedly deserved.

Tenham, moreover, he says, was the parent from whence the other plantations issued; for Richard Harry, fruiterer to King Henry the Eighth, having observed that those plants which had been brought over by our Norman ancestors had lost their native excellence by length of time, and that we were served from foreign parts with these fruits on that account, which he saw no reason for, as neither the soil nor climate here were unequal to the bringing of them to perfection, determined to try a plantation of them here: for which purpose, having, in 1533, obtained 105 acres of rich land, then called the Brennet, he divided it into ten parcels, and then having, with great care, good choice, and no small labour and cost, brought plants from beyond the seas, he furnished this ground with them in rows, in the most beautiful order. This charming picture of cherry cultivation struck the poetical eye of honest Drayton, who sings,

Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots upon
the rise,
Rich Tenham undertakes thy closet to suffice
With cherries, which we say, the summer in doth bring.
Wherewith Pomona crowns the plump and lustful
spring.

And truly, at the present day, nothing can be more pleasing than travelling this road: on one side the eye is delighted with the most luxuriant views of Nature's productions, and on the other, extensive prospects of the ships at the Nore, where the waters of the Thames and Medway are lost in the bosom of the sea.

But, alas! for the cherry-ground, with the glorious rows of crimson fruitage: none of these, or at least but scattered plantations, could we find. Instead of them we saw tall hop-poles pointing ad astra, and, on inquiry, found that though by Lambard and Drayton noted for vast plantations of fruit-trees, these were now almost universally dislocated, to make way for hops: but, said a sensible fruit-grower to us, "all the hops are likely soon to give way again to the old settlers, the cherries; for there is, of late years, little profit accruing from hops."

Though we managed to make some very good cherry-feasts before we quitted Tenham, yet we were on the whole disappointed at not finding this delicious fruit of more common and general growth. On arriving at Rainham, we found that the same paucity of fruit existed, and the same song was sung as to the introduction of hops to the displacement of the cherry tribe. In this parish, however, we were much delighted to find an old relic of Christian goodness. In one of the charities belonging to this parish, some beneficent soul left to the poor, "two acres and twenty-five perches of land, planted with cherries, of the yearly rent of 2*l.* 10*s.*"

Good creature who granted this bequest! not grinding down the poor of the earth to the scant and strict rule, of administration to their mere necessities, thou in the plenitude of thy Christian love and charitableness, didst desire and ordain that they also should taste of nature's sweet and bountiful *luxuries*, and that the lips of the indigent as well as the rich should overflow with the rosy juices of ambrosial fruit. Good creature! Blessed be thy memory, and memorialized thy name!

Hartlip is the next parish into which we came. There has long been a contest as to where Paradise stood. All allow that it derives its name from Παράδεισος, a place stored with all kinds of fruits. Le Clerc reporteth it to be in Syria, towards the springs of Orontes and Crysorrhoe, but Postellus will have it to be under the North Pole. If so, Captain Ross, we are afraid, has not yet been fortunate enough to find it; but, in our exploration, we undoubtedly found a "Paradise," and that, too, abounding in all manner of fruits. For the traveller will find in the north-east part of Hartlip, about half a mile from the London Road, a fine old mansion, situate in the midst of fruit-grounds, having stately and beautiful trees, plentiful of fruit, and called by the name of Paradise. This fair place, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the property of Mr. Rowland Searle, gent., whose family, under another name, still hold it.

The next quarter to which we came, worthy of note, was Newington, on the high road leading from Rochester to Dover, thirty-seven miles from London. This is a small delightful village, containing about fifty houses. Of the Agrarian grounds which surround it, the soil

is a rich and fertile loam: though in the northern part there is much clay, and some sand. There is a fresh stream which rises about a quarter of a mile N.W. of its church, running from thence northward, and having a small breadth of meadow marshes on each side. Here for many summer-hours we sat in the pleasant cool. The hills which environ it rise in a continued chain, and are crowned with rich waving woods of chesnut.

This place was formerly covered all over with cherries: here they grew ripe in their richest abundance, till they, like the others, were sadly displaced by hops. This is the crying sin in these parts; but we were glad to see that the people of these places were going back fast to their primitive friends, the cherries; and their orchards were beginning to be replanted all over Newington, seemingly in as great abundance as before. From this region of Kent, indeed, we derived the greatest pleasure, sat under the shade of more cherry trees than hitherto, plucked them more greedily than ever, and plentifully crushed on our dry lips, their sweet red juices.

The fruit-question was one, however, which at this moment we found to agitate the Kentish growers. On account of the great importation of foreign fruit into the market, the native produce was under-rated, and rendered of so little value, that many growers told us, that they had resolved, if they could not have their labours and legitimate rights better protected, they would root up every fruit-tree in the county.

There is not in nature a sight more beautiful than that of the tall ornamental cherry-tree, standing on the top of some steep acclivity, and enriched with its vermillion clusters. This we frequently saw in the course of our perambulations; but more elegantly than it could ever be by us, is this charming image introduced into the olden poetry of Alexander Montgomerie. Like ourselves, he saw, on the top of a rock, a fair cherry-tree, beautifully laden with shining fruits.

Between the river and the rock
A tree fair, I saw there,
Of cherries on the boughs;
Below too, I saw too,
A bush of bitter sloes;
The cherries hung about myne head
Like trickling rubies, round and red:
So high up in the Heugh
Whose shadows in the river shew
As graithil- coloured, as they grew
On trembling twist and taught.

This sweet picture, however, is by Montgomerie further embellished by a beautiful moral. Dempster, who has thought it worthy of a Latin version, explains the cherry-tree with its rich fruits on the steep cliff to typify Virtue; the bush of thorny sloes below it, is the thorny mean by which we are enabled to climb up the severe ascent and gather the precious fruitage.

With this we shall conclude, feeling glad on our return and rest at home, to find that

we have reaped not only much pleasure from the cherries themselves, but have, in addition, collected from them at least one seed of morality and wisdom. W. ARCHER.

The Naturalist.

HAIL.

HAIL consists of drops of rain, congealed by a blast of cold wind. It seldom occurs in very cold countries; never, for instance, at St. Petersburg. In Russia, however, a few years ago, there fell a shower of hail, the stones of which consisted of a nucleus of iron pyrites, surrounded by ice. The most frequent form of it is more or less globular; sometimes it is rhomboidal. When a hail-stone is broken, the centre is sometimes found to consist of snow, surrounded by ice. This indicates that it has fallen from a considerable height. Sometimes there is air in the interstices, shewing that the congelation has been sudden; and it is sometimes composed of successive layers, which it has acquired in its progress downward. A hail-stone is sometimes broken to pieces by the expansion of the air inclosed within; and then portions are formed which are called pyramidal hail. It is very difficult to tell how some hail-stones have a radiated structure; but it is probable that it is acquired after congelation; for similar changes are sometimes observed in stalactites.

RAIN.

Rain never falls in this country without clouds. It is owing to globules of water losing their vesicular form, and becoming drops. This depends partly on the wind, and partly on electricity; but the influence of the latter is not well understood. It will not fall if the clouds are quite stationary; for it is necessary there should be some motion or agitation among the latter to produce it. A drop of rain varies from the one twenty-fifth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. The larger drops are formed in the lower part of the atmosphere; the smaller in the upper. A gentleman, on descending a mountain, found that the drops increased in size as he proceeded; being only a mist at the top, but heavy rain at the bottom. The drops are larger in summer, and in hot countries, than in winter, and cold ones; the clouds being higher in the former case, and the rain having in consequence to descend farther. Their size is increased partly by the mixture of smaller drops; and partly by the cold drops entering warm strata of air. The rain seldom falls perpendicularly, but generally obliquely; and sometimes its direction is apparently horizontal, owing to the force of the wind. In the latter case the clouds may be at a distance; and in cities, where a free view of the sky cannot be obtained, the latter may appear to be cloudless.

A rain-gauge is a vessel of a determinate size, set up in a place where there is no obsta-

cle to interfere with the entrance of the rain into it. The quantity of rain collected, being divided by the inches in the area of the gauge, gives the depth of rain which has fallen in that place. Less rain is collected at a high than at a low elevation. For instance, on the top of Westminster Abbey, twelve inches of rain fell in a given period; while sixteen inches fell on the top of a house, and twenty-two on the ground. This is owing to the drifting effect of the wind; for the drops of rain near the earth are drifted along more slowly than in a higher region of the atmosphere. More rain falls near the sea, than in more inland situations; and more also in mountainous countries; owing to the agitation of the atmosphere there, and to the clouds being attracted by the mountains. In Brazil about 280 inches of rain fall annually; while in north latitude 50°, the quantity is only about 20 inches; and it diminishes as we go farther north. It was once thought that, from the uniform temperature of the poles, rain probably never fell there; but Captain Parry, in parts far north, sometimes met with heavy and continued rains. In Norway, a great deal falls near Bergen,—about 70 inches annually; which equals many tropical countries. In Upsal, which is not far distant, the annual quantity is only fifteen inches. At Manchester, the quantity is about thirty-six inches; the same at Liverpool; at Lancaster, 40; at Kendal, which is in a mountainous country, 54; at Dumfries, 34; 21 at Glasgow; and nearly the same at Edinburgh, though there are more rainy days at Glasgow. More rain falls in the west of Scotland, than in the east side; and the same is the case in England. This is owing to the south-west winds, which, blowing over the Atlantic, are moist and warm; while the north-east winds are comparatively dry. But though the rain diminishes towards the north, the number of rainy days increases. More rain falls in summer than in winter, owing to the greater evaporation; and more in the day than in the night, for a similar reason. The quantity in Paris is nineteen inches annually. Attempts have been made to ascertain the total quantity which falls upon the globe annually; but it is not well determined.

Rain of a red colour has sometimes fallen. In Germany, on one occasion, rain of this description fell for a quarter of an hour; owing to the admixture with it of the pollen of a pine-forest. Rain of this colour is called blood-rain. Salt rain is that which contains much muriate of soda. All rain-water contains a minute quantity of it: but not sufficient to be discoverable by the taste. Salt rain is owing to admixture with the spray of the sea. Vegetable substances are sometimes carried into the air, and descend again in rain. A few years ago, a nutritious matter, to which they gave the appropriate name of "mannu," fell in Persia in great quantities; and bread was made of it. Specimens of this substance were sent to Paris in 1828; and it was proved

to be a species of lichen, which is abundant in Persia, and is sometimes carried to a distance by a violent wind. Showers of rats are spoken of in Norway. Thousands of them annually migrate from place to place, when very small; and are sometimes met by storms, which whirl them away for thirty or forty miles. N.R.

THE AVALANCHE.

A few days after Murat passed through, on the seventh December, 1813, a deluge of snow covered our mountains; there were more than ten feet on a level; we had to cut passages from house to house; and to add to our difficulties, a detachment of two hundred men, the wreck of one of those fine Italian regiments that were cut up at the battle of Hanau, had been detained on the Simplon for two days; provisions were scarce, and the municipality, whose patriotic zeal had been surprisingly cooled by the reverses of our army, seemed little anxious to relieve our embarrassments; however, I had recourse to requisitions, and got through the day tolerably. Every one was full of the dread of avalanches, whether from presentiment of the future, or the result of the experience of the old shepherds, who had long been regretting the stripping of the trees from our mountains, I cannot say. But I remember perfectly well the urgent entreaties of the gendarmes that I would not abandon them in case they should be buried under the avalanche; and more especially, the prophetic words of the brigadier, who at nine in the evening said sorrowfully, pointing to the snow, "There is our grave, we shall never see the light of day again!" And in fact, two hours afterwards he was no more.

At eleven o'clock, the officers, with whom the hotel was crowded, had retired to their rooms; when I entered a lower chamber in which the family of the postmaster was collected, preparing for their evening prayer.

"What do you think of the avalanche?" said the mistress of the house, anxiously.

"Don't be afraid," answered I, laughing. "I am here, and my time is not come yet! I will pray along with you that the avalanche—"
A tremendous noise cut the word short; it seemed as though the mountains were coming down on us; the outer walls of the room we were in began to crack and split, and I saw with deadly terror the trunk of an enormous larch, with some of its branches on, enter the room on the top of a mass of snow, which had carried every thing before it, walls, doors, and partitions. At the same instant, I fancied I saw a bluish flame traverse the room, but this was perhaps a hallucination produced by fear. My terror, however, did not last long; the fainting of the women, the cries of the children, the alarm of the officers, who came to seek a shelter by us, half naked, with haggard eyes, and, more than all, the danger that threatened the girl of my heart, left me no time to think of my fears: I rushed to the window, and burst

it open, and then saw that the stables opposite the house had been crushed, and that the Roman tower was the only thing left standing on that side. My first care was to carry off to the tower the mother of my beloved. The dear old dame weighed some hundreds, but I did not feel it, in my violent nervous excitement; in a few minutes I made a second trip with a second load, a lighter and a sweeter one, my Fanny. She had fainted; I left her with her mother, and hastened to where duty called me.

Meantime, all the inhabitants who had escaped from the wreck of their houses, had assembled, the curate in the midst, in his surplice, holding up the image of our Divine Redeemer; all kneeling in the snow, bare-headed, repeated in concert the terrible melody of the *Dies iras, dies illa*, which was accompanied by the far-off echoes of avalanches that were yet rolling through the valleys. The pale rays of the moon lighted up this scene, the most impressive I have ever witnessed, and one well calculated to touch every heart. For my own part, I freely confess that my tears mingled freely with those of the good pastor, as he embraced me warmly.

"To the tocsin!" cried the hoarse voices of some hardy mountaineers.

"No, no, we are not safe," I answered; "do you want to bring down new avalanches by the sound of your bells?"

All understood me, and, in spite of my extreme youth, came, with tools in hand, to obey my orders. My first object was to disengage the brigade of *douaniers*, who had passed the night at the *corps-de-garde*, as I had ordered. The doors and windows were covered under more than ten feet of snow. It was less from *esprit-de-corps* that I begun with them, than from the idea of the efficient aid I should obtain from these hardy fellows. As soon as the first duty was over, I looked round for the barrack of the *gendarmerie*; it had disappeared, all except the corner farthest from the road; at that angle there was a window in which a light was still shining. It was the brigadier's quarters, and I began to feel a hope of saving him. Accompanied by one of my men, I crept on my hands and knees to the spot where we saw the light, and climbed with great labour up the remains of a staircase, which gave us access to the apartment. On entering by the half-opened door, to our great surprise, we saw nothing of the brigadier or his wife; we called them repeatedly, but in vain. No one answered, except that our shouts aroused two lovely little girls, who were sleeping in the same bed, and who, it seemed, had not been awakened either by the roar of the avalanche, nor the destruction of a part of the building. The innocent darlings, used to being caressed by me, stretched out their arms, calling for *papa*. We wrapped them up carefully, and with great labour succeeded in depositing them in the tower.

What was the fate of their parents? We

did not ascertain until the next day, when we found their bodies, horribly mutilated, under the ruins of the barrack.

During our absence, a road had been opened to the stables of the post-office, where we heard the groans of postillions, and the violent efforts of their horses, struggling against their fate. After some hours labour, we succeeded in disinterring a young postillion named Seiler. It was high time, for his eyes were filled with blood, and he was on the very point of suffocation. One of his fellows, who slept in the same bed, was less fortunate. He had hardly time to cry out, "Oh, God, what is this!" before he was a corpse. Three or four others perished in the stable.

Day overtook us in the midst of our arduous task; we were fairly worn out with fatigue, and the barracks seemed so completely destroyed, that we had almost given up the idea of further search in that quarter, when a loud shout informed us that some fellow creature required our aid. The signal came from one of my brave fellows, Rambaud, who had laid his ear to the snow, and thus been able to hear a faint moaning. As soon as his discovery was made known, the workmen laboured with new zeal, but at every stroke they ran a risk of crushing the sufferers under the ruins that fell around us. This forced us to proceed with great caution; but Rambaud had the presence of mind to open with the spade a kind of narrow shaft, and was let down by a rope at the risk of being crushed to death among the ruins.

We did not succeed in communicating with the victims till eleven in the morning; my name uttered by one of them was the first sound that reached us. Two of the gendarmes, Curtz and Laroo, who had been squeezed in between the wreck of the walls, were the only ones left alive, and even they were not yet in safety. Rambaud made them swallow a few drops of liquor, and remained by them, both to encourage them by his presence, and to shield them, as well as he could, from the fragments that fell all around them, as we worked on. We had already dragged from under the ruins the horribly mangled corpses of the brigadier and his wife, and one of his men; after tremendous exertions we succeeded in disengaging Curtz and Laroo. Both were severely wounded, Curtz in particular had his head compressed by a heavy brick stove, and survived his deliverance only twenty-four hours. It seemed that the brigadier and his wife, in their terror, had repaired to the quarters of their men, and there met a fate which did not visit the apartments they left.

The unhappy sufferers had been buried under the snow twenty-six hours, yet when we questioned them, they said they did not think it was three; hope is so ready at self-deception! "We trusted so much to you!" said poor Curtz, grasping my hand.

But let us leave these scenes of horror. The avalanche came down from the Pahaolz moun-

tains, and forced a way through the forest that bears the same name; huge larches, such as four men could not span, were crushed down by it like straws. It destroyed the gendarmes' barracks, the forge, the public buildings, then seemed to diverge, and after shaking, and partly overthrowing the post station, had broken at the base of the Roman tower, after shoving the stables clean off the ground.

I imagined that the storm might have done injury in other places, and after sending off the detachment of the Italiens, made for Brigg, with a force of ten *douaniers*. I will not speak of the unexampled fatigue and cold we had to endure, these were the least part; we were lucky in being so many, for if one of us, worn out with toil and watching, threw himself on the snow, whence he would have waked only in eternity, the rest would rub his limbs, even beat him, and force him to keep on. How many poor straggling soldiers we saw, who had perished in that way! they were generally seated holding their firelocks; on their ruddy countenances we could still trace the smile that accompanies death by cold. When we reached the convent, a still more melancholy spectacle awaited us; Colonel Pesta, of the first Italian regiment, and part of his staff, had perished in an avalanche, and their bodies had just been brought in. Poor colonel! his aged mother was waiting for him at the foot of the Simplon; she fancied that she was soon to clasp in her arms the darling son, whom the snows of Russia had spared; he knew it, and in spite of the advice of the mountaineers, determined to push on. His filial piety was the cause of his death at twenty-five.

The next day we arrived at Brigg, and I went on to Sion, to make my report to the prefect. I did not imagine, however, that I would appear in the character of a visitor from the other world; but so it proved. I was introduced at midnight, and my haggard features, which the sufferings I had undergone had rendered livid, and on which my guide's lantern shed a dim light, made the good people take me for a spectre. They seemed fairly panic-struck, and it was some time before I could explain that the report of my death which had reached them, was decidedly premature. The prefect was pleased to award us very high praise; but it can be easily imagined that the great events which happened soon after, caused our humble services to be forgotten. Not that I would complain of this, the only adequate reward of such labours is in the consciousness of having done our duty.—*New York Mirror*.

THE SKY-LARK.

THE song of the lark is certainly not musical, for its notes are not finely modulated, nor its tones mellow; but it is cheerful and cheering in the highest degree, and protracted beyond all comparison. In a sunny day in April or May, when the grass fields have begun to resume their verdure, it is pleasant to

listen to the merry songster that makes the welkin ring with its sprightly notes; in the sultry month of July, still more pleasant is it to hear its matin hymn while the dew is yet on the corn; and in winter, should you chance to hear the well-known voice on high, it reminds you of the bright days that have gone, and fills you with anticipation of those that are to come. No doubt much of the pleasure derived from the lark's song depends upon association, and to him who finds delight in wandering over the green fields, along the daisied margin of the clear stream that winds in the bottom of the pastoral glen, or upon the ferny brae, where the 'lang yellow broom,' and 'blossomed furze unprofitably gay,' shoot up amidst the wild thyme, yarrow, and bluebell, it is pleasant to listen even to the 'skirl' of the corn bunting, the see-saw song of the tit, the creaking cry of the partridge, or the singular creak of the landrail; but, independently of circumstances and associations, the song of the lark imparts an elasticity to the mind, elevates the spirits, and suspends for a time the gnawing of corroding care. The mellow song of the merle or mavis is apt to inspire melancholy, especially if heard in a sequestered valley toward the close of day, and the feelings which it excites have perhaps as much of a depressing as of a soothing tendency; but the carol of the lark, like the lively fife, excites pure cheerfulness, and might with propriety be prescribed as an antidote to dullness. It is not merely music that we look for in the song of birds, but variety, and the expression of passions, feelings, and wants. Were all our warblers to tune their throats according to rule, we should become sickly and sentimental, fill the valleys with sighs, and groan from the mountain-tops; but the loud war-whoop of the eagle, the harsh scream of the heron, and the croak of the raven, are antidotes to the bewitching melody of the black-cap and nightingale. I have endeavoured to trace a repetition at regular intervals in the strains of the lark; but its modulations seem to have no rule. In confinement, this bird sings every whit as well as when at large; and when rapidly perambulating the square bit of faded turf in its cage, it enacts its part with apparently as much delight as when mounting towards 'heaven's gate.'

CUSTOMS OF MANORS.

The custom in the town of Montgomery, with scolds and incontinent women, was, "that when they were taken, they were adjudged to the *goging stoele*, (backing stool,) and there to stand with their feet naked, and their hair hanging and dishevelled for such time, as they might be seen by all persons passing that way." And in the Hundred of Sandwich, in Kent, the execution of felons condemned to death, in the thirteenth and fourteenth cen-

* From Macgillivray's History of British Birds (Scott and Co.)

turies, was by *drowning*; and in the year 1315, a complaint was made by the prior of Christ Church, for "that he had directed the course of a certain stream, called the Gestlyng, so that felons could not be executed for want of water."

New Books.

The Vale of Glamorgan; Scenes and Tales among the Welsh. Saunders and Ottley.

[Mingled with a number of well-written legendary tales, illustrative of the ancient superstitions and traditions of the Welsh, is the following lively account of

The Corpse Candle.]

"The parson of that parish was a snuffy little man, who used to come to the tavern almost every day, dressed in an old suit of rusty black clothes, very coarse yarn stockings, and a greasy hat, cocked up behind by his coat-collar. I observed, that if he found the ale and fire to his liking, he had no objection to beguile some hours of his time in gossip with the old landlady; and on such occasions he would hold forth to her in a loud nasal twang, very oracularly. One day, however, he turned in with something of a cloud upon his countenance; and as he took out his snuff-box, and tapped the lid, at the same time looking round and wriggling his nose, he desired them to bring him a mug of beer, in a voice that shewed he was affected by some more than ordinary incident. Our old landlady regarded him for a moment with a curious look, and then went and drew a mug of her best, and was going to air it for him before the fire, and add to it a little powdered ginger, with the observation that 'the day was raw;' when he seized it out of her hand, and without more ado took off a deep draught. Then, setting the mug down on a bright steel stand upon the hearth, he turned his back to the fire, and spreading his legs, drew a deep sigh. 'Bobba,' said he to the surprised old woman, 'I have just been giving the sacrament to Winny Thomas; the poor girl is just going.' 'Ha!' said our hostess, 'I was thinking as much: *Udgorn angau yw peswech sych*, 'the trumpet of death is a dry cough.' 'Ay,' said the parson, 'and her mother has had the *Marw goel*, 'the yellow spot before some one's death,' on her arm now this long while.' 'It is true enough,' said our landlady; 'the poor woman was in here with me only the other day, for something good to give her *druan*, 'her poor child,' and she told me about it, and how the *Canwyll Corpsh*, the Corpse-candle, had been in the house.' 'Well,' said the parson, with a drawing, nasal twang, as he tucked up the skirts of his coat, one under each arm, 'I don't know what to say to that. In these days, to be sure, people will have that the *Canwyll Corpsh* is seen here and there, all about the country; but it was not so, I warrant you, in old times. For the old account is, that this light, which goes from the

house to the church before death, was to be seen nowhere but in Wales; nor yet in any part of Wales out of St. David's diocese; nor yet there, it is like, before the time of St. David himself, who, once upon a time, took in hand to pray God that some such token should have its place there as a memorial of him: which accordingly was. And, said the parson, snuffing a pinch emphatically into his nose, 'it is there, to this day.' But our hostess protested against such a limitation of the *Canwyll Corph* to the diocese of St. David, and declared that she had known many and many people to see it in that very neighbourhood, and immediately entered upon a particular and earnest relation of all the circumstances attending its appearance to Winny Thomas's mother. 'The poor woman and her sick daughter were in bed together one night, when the mother could not sleep for sorrowing over her *anwyll* child, and thinking how lone and disconsolate she should be were she to lose her. And as her eyes filled with tears, it seemed as though she saw confusedly several small lights flitting indistinctly about. So she raised her hand and wiped away the tears, and looked, and at the foot of the bed she saw a corpse-candle sure enough. It was a still, faint, little flame that shed no light, and every thing remained dark about it. The poor woman gazed at it, like one stupid, for some time; and then, without knowing scarcely what she was about, she raised herself softly, and reached her hand towards it. But as her finger touched the light, it dropped all into palesparkles that went out as they fell. Just then the sick girl groaned, and something came over the mother, and she could not help sobbing aloud. Her daughter heard her, and asked what was the matter; but she could only answer, 'Oh my *anwyll* child!' She could not go on for weeping. So the sick girl asked again, 'Did you see anything, mother?'—which startled and surprised her exceedingly, and she replied, 'See! no, my *anwyll*, why?—did you?' 'No,' said the poor girl; 'only I felt as if I saw something.' Here the old hostess raised her apron to her eyes: for indeed they had gradually filled with tears. But as she concluded, and turned off to her housewifery, she told us, with something of an air of triumph, that it was plain enough that the *Canwyll Corph* was to be seen a good distance from St. David's."

An Essay on the State of Literature and Learning under the Anglo-Saxons. By Thomas Wright, Esq. M. A., F. S. A. Rivingtons, and C. Knight.

[This pleasing essay is intended as an introduction to the first section of the *Biographia Britannica Literaria* of the Royal Society of Literature. We earnestly recommend it to the attention of those readers who wish to become acquainted with the literary attainments of our forefathers. In the first section, which is

devoted to *Anglo-Saxon Poetry and Romances*, are some interesting details relative to

The Saxon Poets, or Minstrels.]

The first records of the Anglo-Saxons carry us back to that state of society in which all literature is comprised under the one characteristic head of poetry; and all literary genius centres in one person, the Minstrel, who equally composed and sang. This was the literature, which, in the year 449, the Saxons brought with them into our island; and during the first period of their establishment, poetry held a high rank, both by its comparative importance, and by its own intrinsic beauties. Life itself, and the language of life, were in those early ages essentially poetic; man lived and acted according to his impulses and passions; he was unacquainted with the business-like movements and feelings of more civilized existence; when he was not occupied in imitating the famous deeds of his forefathers, he listened to the words of the minstrel who celebrated them. The song on which were told the gigantic movements of an earlier period, already clothed in a traditional garb of the supernatural, was the instrument to which his mind owed its culture; his very conversation was moulded upon it, and even in the transactions of the council, he spake in poetry.

Among the many examples of the poetic feeling of the Saxons, furnished by old historians, Bede gives us one which is peculiarly beautiful. When Paulinus preached the doctrines of Christ before the court of King Edwin, one of his nobles arose and said, "Thou hast seen, O king, when the fire blazed, and the hall was warm, and thou wast seated at the feast amid thy nobles, whilst the winter storm raged without, and the snow fell, how some solitary sparrow has flown through, scarcely entered at one door, before it disappeared by the other. Whilst it is in the hall, it feels not the storm, but, after the space of a moment, it returns to whence it came, and thou beholdest it no longer, nor knowest where, or to what it may be exposed. Such, as it appears to me, is the life of a man, a short moment of enjoyment, and we know not whence we came, nor whither we are going. If this new doctrine brings us any greater certitude of the future, I for one, vote for its adoption."

The poet, or minstrel, was held in high esteem among the Saxons. His genius was looked upon as a birthright, not an acquired art, and it obtained for him everywhere the respect and protection of the great and the powerful. His place was in the hall of princes, where he never failed to earn admiration and applause, attended generally with advantages of a more substantial nature. The early poem of Boewulf affords us many evidences of the high place which poetry held amongst the enjoyments of life.

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons has pre-

* Bede, Hist. Eccles. Angl. Lib. ii., cap. 13.

served to us many traits of the character and office of the ancient minstrel. He was sometimes a household retainer of the chief whom he served, as we see in the poem of Boewulf; sometimes he wandered through different countries, visiting the courts of various princes.

It was the minstrel's duty, not only to tell the mythic history of the earlier ages, but to relate contemporary events, and to clothe in poetry the deeds which fell under his eye, to turn into derision the coward or the vanquished enemy, and to laud and exalt the conduct of his patrons.

It was by means of the minstrels' songs, that the intelligence of contemporary events was, in the earlier ages, carried from one court to another.

At times, the bard raised song to the highest themes, and laid open the sacred story of the cosmogony, and the beginning of all things. Thus, when the warriors were joyful in Heorot—

there was the noise of the harp,
the clear song of the poet.
One said that knew
the origin of men
from a remote period to relate;
he said that the Almighty
wrought the earth,
the bright-faced plain
which water encompasseth;
exulting in victory he set up
the sun and the moon,
luminaries to light
the inhabitants of the land;
and adorned
the districts of the earth
with boughs and leaves;
life also he created
for all kinds
that go about alive.

These minstrel-poets had, by degrees, composed a large mass of national poetry, which formed collectively one grand mythic cycle. Their education consisted chiefly in committing this poetry to memory, and it was thus preserved from age to age. They rehearsed such portions of it as might be asked for by the hearers, or as the circumstances of the moment might require; for it seems certain that they were in the habit of singing detached scenes even of particular poems, just as we are told was done with the works of Homer, in the earlier times of Greece.

In their passage from one minstrel to another, these poems underwent successive changes; and, since, like the religion taught by the priests, the poetry belonged to the whole class, without being known severally as the work of this or that individual, it happens that all the Anglo-Saxon national poetry is anonymous.

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons was neither modulated according to foot-measure, like that of the Greeks and Romans, nor written with rhymes, like that of many modern languages. Its chief and universal characteristic was a

very regular alliteration, so arranged, that, in every couplet there should be two principal words in the first line, beginning with the same letter, which letter must also be the initial of the first word on which the stress of the voice falls in the second line.

[We shall return, at our earliest opportunity, to this intellectual essay.] 245

The Public Journals.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[The following vigorous narrative of this eventful battle, is extracted from *The Conquest of England by the Normans* by Augustin Thierry, as given in an admirable notice of the work, in the fourth number of the *Foreign Monthly Review*.]

On the night of the 13th of October, (1066,) William announced to the Normans that the morrow would be the day of battle. The priests and ecclesiastics, who had followed in great numbers the invading army, attracted, like the soldiery, by the hopes of booty, assembled for the purpose of praying and chanting the services of the church, while the men at arms made ready their weapons. This necessary duty being performed, they employed the remainder of their time in confessing their sins, and receiving the holy sacrament. In the opposite army, the night was passed in a very different manner; there, all was noise and revelry; the Saxons amusing themselves while seated over their watch-fires, singing their old national songs, and emptying the horns of beer and wine which circulated freely among them.

At the break of day, in the Norman camp, the Bishop of Bayeux, a son of Duke William's mother, armed with a coat of mail beneath his sacred vesture, celebrated mass, and gave his blessing to the troops; then, mounting a handsome white charger, and bearing a bâton in his hand, he drew up the cavalry. The army of attack formed three divisions; the first comprised the men at arms from Boulogne and Ponthieu, with the greater part of the mercenaries; the second consisted of the Breton, Maine, and Poitevin auxiliaries; while the third, formed of the flower of the Norman chivalry, was commanded by William in person. At the head and on the flank of each battalion, marched several companies of foot soldiers, lightly armed, wearing quilted cassocks, some bearing long bows of wood, and others, steel cross-bows. The duke rode a Spanish horse, which a rich Norman had brought with him from a pilgrimage to St. Jago, in Gallisia, and wore suspended from his neck the most sacred of those relics on which Harold had sworn fealty to him; while the standard, blessed by the pope, was borne by his side by a youth named Toustain le Blanc. At the moment when the troops commenced their march, the duke, raising his voice, addressed them in these words:—

"Think how ye may best fight, and put

every one to the sword; for, if we conquer, we shall all be rich. What I gain, shall be your gain, what I conquer, shall be your conquest; if I win the land, ye shall possess it. Know, moreover, that I am come hither not merely to assert my own rights, but to avenge our whole nation for the crimes, the perjuries, and the treasons of these Englishmen. They put to death the Danes, both the men and the women, on the night of St. Brice. They slaughtered the companions of Alfred, my kinsman, who perished through their means. On them! and, by God's help, punish them for all their misdeeds!"

The army soon found themselves in sight of the Saxon camp, on the north-west of Hastings. The priests and monks who accompanied it, retired to a rising ground close by, whence they could view the combat, and offer up their prayers for their friends. A Norman, named Taillefer, spurring his horse to the very front of the lines, began to sing the song of Roland and Charlemagne, popular throughout all Gaul. As he sang, he played with his sword, which he threw up with all his force into the air, and then caught in his right hand; while the Normans joined in the chorus of his song, and cried, "God help us! God help us!"

At length the archers and cross-bowmen directed their arrows against the enemy, but the greater portion of their blows fell against the high walls which surrounded the Saxon encampment. The foot soldiery, armed with lances, and the cavalry, advanced to the very entrance of the redoubts, and endeavoured to force them. The Anglo-Saxons, who were all on foot around their standard, which they had planted in the earth, and who formed one solid and compact mass behind their palisades, received their assailants with heavy blows of their battle-axes, which broke their lances, and cut through their armour. The Normans, wearied with an attack from which they derived no success, and unable to penetrate the redoubts, or pull up the stakes of which they were formed, returned towards the division which William himself commanded. The duke then directed the archers to make a fresh attack; ordering them, at the same time, no longer to shoot straight forward, but so to direct their arrows into the air, that they might fall within the enemy's ramparts. By this manœuvre they succeeded in wounding many of the English, mostly in the face; Harold himself had one of his eyes put out by an arrow; yet this did not compel him to retire either from the command, or from the battle. The attack of the men at arms, on horse and on foot, now commenced amidst cries of "Our Lady! God help us! God help us!" But the Normans were repulsed from one of the portals, and driven back to a morass covered with grass and brushwood, when, their horses falling with them, they floundered confusedly one over the other, and perished in great numbers. This was a moment of great alarm in the army of the invaders. A report spread through the ranks that

the duke had been slain; and this served as a signal for a general flight. William immediately thrust himself in the front of the fugitives, arresting their further progress, threatening them, and beating them back with his spear, while he uncovered his head to assure them of his identity. "Here I am," he said, "behold me, I yet live, and, by God's help, hope to gain the day."

The knights upon this, returned to attack the fortifications, but their endeavours to force the gates, or make a breach for their entrance, utterly failed; at length the duke bethought him of a stratagem which should draw the English from their strong-holds, and induce them to break their ranks. He ordered a thousand of his cavalry to advance, and then make a sudden retreat. The sight of this pretended flight deprived the Saxons of their coolness, and they hastened to the pursuit with their battle-axes slung around their necks. On arriving at a certain point, a body of men who had been placed there for the purpose joined the fugitives, who suddenly turned round upon their pursuers; the English, thus unexpectedly attacked when in all the disorder of victory, were assailed on every side by spears and swords, from which they could not defend themselves, having both hands engaged in wielding their huge axes. When their ranks were thus broken, their redoubts were forced; the cavalry and foot soldiers gained an entrance, and the combat was carried on in the fiercest manner, hand to hand, and foot to foot. William had his horse killed under him: Harold and his two brothers were left dead at the foot of their standard, which was thrown down and supplanted by the one which Rome had sent to the invader. The remnant of the English army, left without a chief, and without a banner, continued to struggle against the victors till day had so long closed in, that the two parties could only be recognised by their language.

Manners and Customs.

JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENTS.

(Continued from page 123.)

In June 1521, a solemn tournament was kept at Greenwich, the King and Sir Charles Brandon undertook to abide all comers.

In April 1540, the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell, being dissolved, Henry gave to the challengers in "a great triumph of jousting at Westminster, held on May-day, and the four days following, a hundred marks, and a house to dwell in of yearly revenues of the lands of the said hospital, for ever, in reward for their valientness." During the continuance of the tournaments, the challengers, who were Sir John Dudley, Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir Thomas Poyninges, Sir George Carew, knts., and Anthony Kingston, and Richard Cromwell (ancestor to the Protector) esqrs., kept "open household" at Dar-

ham Place, where, on different days, they entertained their majesties and the whole court, the knights and burgesses of Parliament, and the mayor and aldermen of London, with their wives, &c.

The last semblance of chivalry, which expired with Henry the Eighth, (the festive diversions in the reign of Elizabeth being but the shadow of knightly prowess,) was the magnificent tournament of the Cloth of Gold, on an open plain near Guisnes and Ardres, in France, June, 1520, in celebration of a treaty between Francis I. of France, and Henry. The ostensible object of Francis at this meeting, was to strengthen his alliance with Henry. The whole of this gorgeous affair was under the sole direction of the truly splendid Cardinal Wolsey, who had a decided genius for such matters. He caused a glorious palace, 1,322 feet square, to be erected on the plain at Guisnes, and "sette on stages by great coynege and sumptuous work." At the entrance and on the plain, were fountains of fine gold,—conduits which overflowed "red, white, and claret wines. On the other side of the gate was set up an elaborate column, supported by four lions, well gilt, envreathed with golden foliage, and surmounted by an image of the blind god Cupid, with his bow and arrows of love, ready, by his seeming, to strike the young to love." The outside was covered with sail-cloth, and the inside was hung with the richest arras. The furniture and decorations of the temporary chapel and apartments of state were gorgeous in the extreme. The walls glittered with embroidery and jewels; the altar and the tables groined under the weight of massive plate. Francis, in order that he might not be undone, had prepared an immense pavilion, which was chiefly sustained by a mighty mast, with ropes and tackle strained to steady it: the exterior, in form of a dome, was covered all over with cloth of gold; and in the interior, the concavity of the sphere was lined with blue velvet, set in stars in gold foil, "and the orbs of the heavens, by the craft of the colours in the roof, were curiously wrought in manner like the sky or firmament. At each side there was a smaller tent or pavilion, of the same costly materials, the very tent ropes being made of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus. But there arose a most impetuous and tempestuous wind, which broke asunder the ropes, and laid all this bravery in the dirt; and Francis was obliged to take up his lodging in an old castle near the town of Ardres. As soon as the two kings were settled in their respective residences, Cardinal Wolsey rode with many lords, gentlemen and prelates, to the French court at Ardres. The Frenchmen were so struck with Wolsey's pomp and splendour, that they afterwards "*made books, showing the triumphant doings of the cardinal's royalty*;" as, of the number of his gentlemen, knights and lords, all in crimson velvet, with marvellous number of chains of gold,—the

multitude of horses, mules, coursers, and carriages that went before him with sumpters and coffers,—his great silver crosses and pillars,—his embroidered cushions,—and his host of servants, as yeomen and grooms, all clad in scarlet."

When all the introductory business was over, Henry, on the morning of the first royal interview, was mounted on a stately white courser, most gorgeously caparisoned; the trappings, breast-plate, head-stalls, reins, and stirrups, being covered with wrought gold. On his head was a black velvet cap, with a white plume, and very precious stones: he wore a damask garment of cloth of gold, thickly ribbed with silver, over a jacket of rose-coloured velvet, composed of rubies and branches of pearl set alternately; and on his breast was a rich jewel of St. George, suspended by a ribbon of the order: his boots were of yellow leather; and he held a small whip in his hand. Abreast of the king, rode Cardinal Wolsey; he was habited in the full robes of a cardinal, and the magnificence of his dress surpassed even that of his master. A long train of noblemen, knights and gentlemen of distinction, brought up the procession. In short, the whole collected wealth of England seemed lavished on the vale of Ardres. Francis was less gorgeously apparalled than his brother monarch; indeed his whole appearance evinced a less eager love of pomp and magnificence. His train was as numerous, and composed of persons of as high rank and distinction as that of Henry.

At a signal from Wolsey, the bugle sounded, and the two monarchs rode briskly towards each other. They were esteemed the two most handsome and accomplished men in Europe: both were then in the flower of their age. The kings met, and in order to get over a delicate point of precedency, they saluted and embraced each other on horseback. The two monarchs then dismounted together, and having renewed their caresses, they went into the pavilion of the cloth of gold. "Thus, arm in arm," says Hall, "went the Frenche kinge, Francis the First of Fraunce, and Henry the Eighth, kyng of England and of Fraunce, passyng with communication."

On the following day, the tournaments commenced. An enclosure called the camp, had been prepared; it was 900 feet long, and 320 feet broad, defended with broad moats, and partially surrounded with scaffolds, and galleries, for the accommodation of the two queens, and the ladies of their courts. In the midst of the arena was an artificial mound, and on the mound were raised two artificial trees,—a hawthorn for England, and a raspberry, symbolical of France, with their stems and branches lovingly interlaced. At the entrance to the camp were two tents richly adorned, for the two kings, where they armed themselves, and took their ease after their martial exercises; and close at hand, were two great

cellars brim-full of wine, which was as free to all men, as the water of the fountain.

On the 11th of June, the jousts were opened—the queens having taken their places. Catherine was most brilliantly equipped, her very foot-cloth being powdered with pearls. Next to the Queen of England sat Wolsey. The judges were on stages with the herald of France, and garter king-at-arms for England—"to marke and write the dedes of noble-men." The trumpets sounded, and the two kings and their retinues entered the field. Then came the Earl of Devonshire, cousin to Henry, "and sixteen honourable persons in his bande, all armed." Then came Mons. de Fleurenges, and his retinue, with other nobles and their suites, on the part of Francis.

Behold the noble youths of form divine,
Upon the plain advancing in a line;
The riders grace the steels, the steeds with glory shine.
Thus marching on in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques adorn'd with laurel-wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a corner spear.

"The ii kynges," says Hall, "were ready, and either of them encountered one man of armes; the French kyng to the erle of Devonshire, the kyng of England to Mounsire Fleurenges, and brake his poldron and him disarmed, when y^e strokes were stricken, this battail was departed, and was much praised. Then on went swordes, and doune went vizers, there was little abyding."

Six days were spent in tilting with lances, two in tourneys with the broad sword on horseback, and the two last in fighting on foot at the barriers. The English, being much given to wrestling, some of the meaner sort amused themselves in that manner; and Henry, who had cultivated all kinds of sports and exercises, one day challenged his brother of France to try a fall with him, and caught hold of his collar. Francis, who was very agile, throw his grace. Henry arose, and demanded his revenge; but the by-standers discreetly interfered.

At length "the kynges rode about the felde as honour of armes required, and the heraldes cried, *la fine des Turneyes*, by the sayd two noble princes the xxi daie of June."

On June 23, Wolsey, who would not suffer so distinguished an occasion to pass, without having some share in the pomp which abounded, sang "an highe and solemne masse" before the royal personages and their followers, in a magnificent chapel, which he had built in the course of the preceding night. A banquet was then given, the splendour of which seemed to surpass all that had gone before it. Hall says, "to tell you the apparel of the ladies, their rich attyres, their sumptuous juells, their diversities of beauties, and the goodly behaviour from day to day, at the first meeting, I assure you ten mennes wittes can scarce declare it."

On June 24, "which was Sunday and Midsummer day," the two kings took leave of each other.

Barkley, the monk, who wrote "the Ship of Fools," was engaged by Wolsey to supply the mottoes and devices on the occasion.*

Hume says, "The nobility of both nations vied with each other in pomp and expense; many of them involved themselves in great debts, and were not able, by the penury of their whole lives, to repair the vain splendour of a few days." And Hall declares, "the most lasting effect produced by the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold,' as the interview and the place where it was held were afterwards called, was the ruin of many of the nobility of both English and French, who, in their insane rivalry, contracted enormous debts. Of the French, it was said, that many of them carried their entire estates on their backs."

Perhaps the most pleasing tournament in London, was that given by Queen Elizabeth, May, 1581, for the entertainment of the French embassy. The gallery at the end of the Tilt-yard, where the Queen was seated, "was called," says Holinshed, "and not without cause, the Castelle or Fortresse of perfect Beautie, for as much as her Highnesse should be there included." This was assaulted by the four Foster-Children of Desire, after being summoned by a "delectable song," of which the first verses were as follow:—

Yield, yield, O yield, you that this Fort do hold, I

Which seated is in spotless Honour's field;

Desire's great force, no forces can withhold;

Then to Desire's desire, O yield! O yield!

Yield, yield, O yield—trust not to Beauty's pride;

Fairness, though fair, is but a feeble shield;

When strong Desire, which Virtue's love doth guide,

Claims but to gain his due—yield, yield, O yield!

Wooden guns, (cannon,) charged with sweet powder and sweet waters, "verie odoriferous and pleasant," were then "shot off" against the Fortress of Beauty, from a "rowing trench, or mound of earth," that was wheeled up to the walls, and an attack was made with "pretie scaling ladders," and "flowers, and such fancies and devices," were thrown in, "as might seem fit shot for Desire."

Whilst the challengers, viz. "the Earle of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Maister Philip Sidneio, and Maister Fulke Greuill," were thus engaged, each at the head of his band of partizans, in very sumptuous apparel, the Defenders of Beauty entered the Tilt-yard, and a regular "tourneie" and "justing" took place, in the course of which the renowned *Sir Harry Lee*, K.G., the Queen's devoted knight, brake "his six staves," and many others justed "right valiantly" until the approach of night separated the combatants.

On the following day, the four Foster-children of Desire entered "in a brown chariot (verie finelie and curiously decked), as men sore wearied and halfe overcome," whilst "verie doleful musick" was played by a concealed band, within the chariot, in which

* Ellis's Original Letters; vol. i. p. 162.

also Desire herself, represented by "a beautiful ladie," sat "upon the top," in company with the knights. On approaching the Queen, an "herald at arms," expressed the challenges "despair of victory," yet, as "their souls should leave their bodies rather than Desire should leave their souls," they besought her Highness "to vouchsafe the eyes of her peerless beauty, upon their death or overthrow."

"Then went they to the tourney, where they did verie noble, as the shiuering of the swords might verie well testifie; and after that to the barriers, where they lashed it out lustilie, and fought couragiously, as if the Greeks and Troians had dealt their deadlie dole. No partie was spared, no estate expected, but ech knight induced to win the golden fleece that expected either fame or the fauor of his mistresse, which sporte continued all the same daie. And towards the euening the sport being ended, there was a boie sent vp to the Queene, clothed in ash coloured garments, in token of humble submission, who having an olive branch in his hand, and falling downe prostrate on his face, and then kneeling vp, concluded this noble exercise," by requesting her Highness to admit the challenges as her perpetual bondmen, notwithstanding their degeneracy and unworthyness in making "violence accompanie desire."

This "amorous foolery," as Pennant has styled it, was ended by the maiden Queen giving to all her knights "praise and great thanks." "And thus ceased," says Holinshed, "these courtly triumphs, set forth with the most costlie bravery and gallantness." At that time her Majesty was nearly forty-eight years of age, yet, in the set speeches of the Pageant, the flattering blandishments addressed to her were as highly flavoured as could have been offered to a virgin beauty of eighteen.

The tilts in Greenwich Parks, during the reign of Elizabeth, were worthy of the brightest days of festivity.

In January 1610, a grand display of feats of arms was exhibited at Whitehall, in honour of Prince Henry, who had recently been made a knight. On the following afternoon, a splendid tournament was held in the Tilt-yard, Whitehall, and in the evening "were novel triumphs, and pastimes upon the water, over against the court," the Thames "being in a manner close covered with boats and barges full of people, and the shore on both sides surcharged" with spectators.†

"Before the imperial palace tow'ring stood
Rare works of fire, euen'd in painted wood;
Whose rival glories did to heaven arise,
And earth born thunder rung along the skies.

* Hensler mentions, that in the Royal Library at Whitehall, there were among other valuable curiosities, a Variety of Emblems, on paper, cut in the shape of shields, with mottoes, used by the nobility at tilts and tournaments, hung up there for a memorial.

† Howe's Stow, p. 699.

The hear'ns amas'd, with borrow'd lustre shone,
With lights and meteors of a race unknown,
With foreign stars, as thick and splendid as their own.
Such noise, such flames fill'd all the ambient air.
The very triumph seem'd another war.
And with the dreadful joy did all the people scare."

As soon as Prince Henry reached his sixteenth year, he put himself in a more heroic manner than was usual with princes of his time, by tiltings, barriers, and other exercises on horseback, the martial discipline of gentle peace.* After his death, chivalric sports fell quite out of fashion.†

"Shields and swords
Cobwebb'd and rusty; not a helm affords
A spark of lustre, which were wont to give
Light to the world, and make the nation live."

The troubles of Charles—the caution of Cromwell—the profligacy of the second Charles—the fanaticism of his brother James; and the refinement (1) of the after monarchs, precluded the warlike people of England from again witnessing such truly splendid and heart-stirring pageantries, until the present Earl of Eglington resolved to make the princely domain of his valorous sires once more the scene of British chivalry. Speed on, thou noble scion of the illustrious house of De Montgomery, and prove as true a knight as any of your valorous† ancestors!—

"Time bids thee raise thine head—strong thoughts on high,
To valour and adventurous chivalry."

DR. CHANNING'S REMARKS ON ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is a privileged nation. On one part of her history she can look with unmixed self-respect. With the exception of the promulgation of Christianity, I know not a moral effort so glorious as the long, painful, and victorious struggle of her philanthropists against that concentration of all horrors, cruelties, and crimes, the slave-trade. Next to this, her recent Emancipation Act, is the most signal expression afforded by our times of the progress of civilization and a purer Christianity. Other nations have won imperishable honours by heroic struggles for their own rights; but there was wanting the example of a nation espousing with disinterestedness, and amidst great obstacles, the rights of those who had no claim but that of a common humanity, the

* Wilson's Life of James I.

† Prince Henry caused a piece of ground near Leicester Fields, to be enclosed, for the exercise of arms; at one end a house was built, as an armoury, with a well-furnished library of all such books as related to arms, chivalry, &c. It remained so till the restoration of Charles II., when it was sold to the Lord Gerrard, who let the ground, on* a part of which was erected the present Spur-street.

‡ The gallant Sir Robert Montgomery, (an ancestor of Earl Eglington's), in 1399, at the chivalric battle of Otterbourn, took prisoner, with his own hands, Henry Lord Percy, named Hotspur, the conqueror of the heroic Earl of Douglas. Hence the family motto "Garde Bien."

* Harl: MSS. 5900.

rights of the most fallen of the race. Great Britain, loaded with an unprecedented debt, and with a grinding taxation, contracted a new debt of a hundred million of dollars, to give freedom, not to Englishmen, but to the degraded African. This was not an act of policy, nor a work of statesmen. Parliament but registered the edict of the people. The English nation, with one heart and one voice, under a strong Christian impulse, and without distinction of rank, sex, party, or religious names, decreed freedom to the slave. I know not that history records a national act so disinterested, so sublime. In the progress of ages, England's naval triumphs will shrink into a more and more narrow space, whilst, in the records of our race, this moral triumph will fill a broader, brighter, page. Is not England, representing as she does in this case, the civilized world, authorized, and even bound to remonstrate, in the name of humanity and religion, against a measure by which the great work for which she has so long toiled is to be indefinitely postponed?

THE STOUT OLD BRITISH SHIP.

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON.

Tune.—*The Old Oak Tree.*

HURRAH! for the stout old British ship,
The monarch of the sea!
That bounds like a greyhound from the slip,
When the sails are loosed it free!
That, spite of the storm and deadly gun,
Ne'er yet it's course gave o'er;
And never knew what 'twas to run
A hostile flag before!
It long has the bulwark been of our rights,
Of our freedom still the stay;
Then give to the brave old British ship,
Three British cheers—hurrah!
When Nelson trod its quarter-deck,
Its glory was in its prime;
Victory he had at his finger-beck,
As proved in every clime;
Then England was honour'd and fear'd by all,
And nations sung her praise;
But that is a tale we may not recall
In these degenerate days:
For the stout old ship lies idly ashore,
Laid up like a useless tree;
Its battles and cruises now are o'er,
Though it still is fit for sea!
The vaunting foreigner long has felt
Its thunders on the main,
And he smiles when he thinks the blows it dealt
Shall ne'er be dealt again,
But the spirit of Nelson is not dead,
It bounds in a hundred hearts,
And his story of fame is remembered and read
And studied with our charts!
For cherish'd with care is the glory it won,
The deed of a thousand years!
And its foes will fly as they often have done,
When the stout old ship appears!
When the brave old ship, as bright as morn,
Hoists high its well-known flag;
The flag that has still been unsullied borne,
Since the days of Drake and Sprague.
Let's see who'll dare dispute its right,
To the empire of the main,
Till prove its title clear and bright,
Against the world again?
Then give to the stout old British ship,
Of our freedom still the stay,
That long has the bulwark been of our rights,
Three British cheers—hurrah!

Arts and Sciences.

TOMKINSON'S NEWLY-INVENTED PIANOFORTE.

MR. TOMKINSON has manufactured an instrument which, we think, is destined to figure very conspicuously in the future history of the pianoforte. Let our readers picture to themselves a *cottage piano*, 3 ft. 5 in. high with regard to size, and a grand piano, or even more than a grand piano, as to power and volume of sound, and they will have some idea of Mr. Tomkinson's new and most important invention. The immense tone produced from an instrument of such diminutive size, is a feature as novel as it is interesting. The means by which this singular phenomenon is produced, are, of course, known only to the inventor; but we are enabled to say this much, that there are differences of a very material nature in the action from that of any other pianoforte hitherto manufactured; differences which, among other advantages, give to the base notes a bell-like clearness which is hardly surpassed by the finest horizontal pianos of the best makers.

A BUFFALO CHASE.

AWAY went the buffalo, and away went the men, hard as they could dash; now the hunters gained upon him, and pressed him hard; again the enormous creature had the advantage, plunging with all his might, his terrific horns often plunging up the earth as he spurned it under him. Sometimes he would double, and rush so near the horses, as almost to gore them with his horns, and in an instant would be off in a tangent, and throw his pursuers from the track. At length, the poor animal came to bay, and made some unequivocal demonstrations of combat; raising and tossing his head furiously, and tearing up the ground with his feet. At this moment, a shot was fired. The victim trembled like an aspen, and fell to his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, started again as fast as before. Again the determined hunters dashed after him, but the poor bull was nearly exhausted—he proceeded but a short distance, and stopped again. The hunters approached, rode slowly by him, and shot two balls through his body, with the most perfect coolness and precision. During the race,—the whole of which occurred in full view of the party,—the men seemed wild with the excitement which it occasioned: and when the animal fell, a shout rent the air, which startled the antelopes by dozens from the bluffs, and sent the wolves howling like demons from their lairs.—*Murray's Travels in North America.*

The Gatherer.

Characteristic Prevarication.—The late R. B. Sheridan walking home one night, or, speaking more minutely as to the fact, rather

early one morning, accompanied by some companions, who, like himself, had partaken rather freely of the bottle; his friends thought proper to amuse themselves with calling a different hour from that proclaimed by the authorized guardians of the night. The watchman expostulated with them, saying,—“Gentlemen, if you go on so, the people will not believe me when I call the right hour!” To this remonstrance Sheridan retorted, “You are a pretty person to stand upon your veracity: a fellow who is never two hours together in the same story.”

Albert Durer's Engraving on Wood.—Bewick, the reviver of wood-engraving in England, has long been the accredited inventor of the method now so much practised, of giving a softened effect, by means of sinking-in certain situations, the surface of the block. Some original blocks cut by the immortal hand of Albert Durer, show that the same expedient was resorted to by him to produce the same effect. These blocks by the first inventor of the art are now in England, and display several surprising specimens of the old master's style in appropriating this resource of his great invention.

Nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.—*Demetrius.*

Love of Reading.—If the riches of both Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all.—*Fenelon.*

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.

The Virtues of a Cigar.—There is nothing like a cigar for whiling away the tedium of travelling; to my fancy a real Havannah never smokes so pleasantly as on a coach-top, or the deck of a ship, more particularly towards evening, when odours are most powerful, and the mind, perchance, excited by the “dying day's decay,” reverts most forcibly to the thoughts of absent friends.—*A Paper:—of Tobacco.*

Gentlemen [!!!] whether civil or military, who wear mustachios, are nearly all cigar-smokers; and it has been ascertained by a painstaking member of the Statistical Society, that out of every ten gentlemen who wear Macintoshes, nine, on an average, smoke cigars. Shipping-clerks, custom-house agents, and Mincing-lane brokers, are great consumers of tobacco in this form.—*Ibid.*

A wife who looses her patience, must not expect to keep her husband's heart.

The Canadas have at present a population not falling short of a million; and if to this number be added the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, and the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, we shall have not less than a million and a half

for the sum total of British subjects in North America.

The revenue of Russia, according to the latest accounts, is 300,000,000 rubles, answering nearly to 12,000,000*l.*: the revenue of British India amounts to more than 19,000,000*l.* yearly.

It is a singular fact, that there are now confined in the public and private establishments for the treatment of insanity in London and the neighbourhood, no less than sixty men and women who consider themselves the legitimate, but unacknowledged, sovereigns of the country! One female patient insists upon asserting that she is the real Victoria, and that she was confined in a mad-house, in order to prevent her from ascending the throne of her forefathers. This patient most pertinaciously affirms, that she was sent to the asylum by Lord Melbourne, in order to make way for a lady with whom he was in love, and who now occupies the throne. It is most laughable to witness the pomposity with which this poor mad creature struts about the ward, exclaiming, “Fall back! clear the way for your illustrious Queen Victoria.”—*Physic and Physicians.*

Exchequer bills, which now occupy so much of the attention of the monied men in the City, were invented in 1696, and first circulated by the Bank in 1706.

Immense Annual Issue of Base Coin.—Mr. Serjeant Atcherley, the attorney-general for the county palatine of Lancashire, lately said, in allusion to the importance of Mini prosecutions, that not less than 3,000 persons are at present engaged in counterfeiting and uttering base coin in the United Kingdom, and that the amount annually put in circulation is not less than 600,000*l.*—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

The Cuckoo.—Natural sound has seldom been so felicitously and so generally imitated as in the word “cuckoo.” In the Greek language the bird is called *κόκκυς*; in the Latin, *cuculus*; in the Italian, *cuculo*; in the French, *coucou*; in the English, *cuckoo*; in the German, *kukuk*; in the Vandal Slavonic, *kukeliza*, *kukoviza*; in the Polish, *kukulha*, and in the Illyrian, *kukutka*, *kukuvaska*. The Poles and Illyrians have, however, quite different names for the bird, and the Swedish abbreviation *göck* is very infelicitous.—*Morgenblatt.*

On Saturday next, a Supplementary Number of *The MIRROR* will be published, containing an Authentic Narrative of the GRAND TOUR-NAMENT at EGLINTON CASTLE; embellished with a large folding View of the splendid Scene, together with other illustrative Engravings, taken by an eminent Artist, specially for the purpose.

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